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VOL. 36.—No. 51.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

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- AH! FORS' E LUI
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IL TROVATORE.

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- IL BALEN
- D'AMOR SULL' ALI
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- SI, LA STANCHEZZA

RIGOLETTO.

- QUESTA O QUELLA
- MINUETTO
- E' IL SOL DELL' ANIMA
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- LA DONNA E MOBILE
- TUTTO E GIOJA

ERNANI.

- COME RUGIADA
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LUISA MILLER.

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LES HUGUENOTS.

98. PIFF, PAFF
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100. RATAPLAN

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THE GREEK SCALES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Will you, or any of your correspondents, be kind enough to inform me upon what authority we term the scales upon which the church tones are founded "GREEK?" I know, of course, that successive writers have for a long period been in the habit of so calling them; but I desire to understand whether any certainty exists on the subject, and, if so, *how derived*. Have the tones been founded on the scales, or *vice versa*? Furthermore, is it *positively known*, or only surmised, that Gregory the Great added those tones called "Plagal." And what proof have we that these are not just as ancient as the authentic—particularly so named? I have waded through many treatises on the subject, but can only meet with unsupported statements which may or may not be correct, and which too often appear to have been reiterated by musical theorists upon very loose authority, as an easy means of glossing over the history of a matter beyond their learning.

ZULENDORF.

CONDUCTING AND CONDUCTORS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—The following observations which I have to offer are neither prompted by a wish for notoriety, nor to show how little I know about it, but for the simple benefit of those who, like myself, occasionally murmur in secret.

To criticise the art of conducting, or conductors themselves, is not my wish, but simply to remind conductors that their motions are seldom as intelligible to the performers as they imagine, (I speak with respect to choral bodies). With a body of voices, no one will deny that unless certain given rules are strictly adhered to, musical rhythm must fall to the ground; and even the smallest degree of precision could not be hoped for, unless one uniform plan were laid down to commence with, and never deviated from. We often wish to convey inuendos without speaking out, especially to those who are so far our superiors, and if those interested can be benefited, without incurring the displeasure of others, to whom doubtless it does not occur that their ideas are misunderstood, or sometimes unintelligible, a point is gained which many would think (foolishly) a presumption to comment on. Having sung myself in a choral body for some years, I do not speak without some experience, and I have no doubt that many will echo my sentiments. In the first place, that the commencement of a part song (for instance) should *always* be preceded by a *whole* bar, and not sometimes *with*, and sometimes *without*, thereby occasionally causing part of the chorus to start, and part to stay behind; and secondly, that all eyes should see the baton perfectly motionless and elevated, that a certainty may be obtained that they all start at the same beat. I am perfectly convinced that the real success of Mr. Leslie's choir is mainly owing to this extreme nicety, as the deviation of a few inches suffices to cut all the voices off dead, which creates such a fine effect, particularly in part singing. If you can find a corner for these remarks, you will oblige a former contributor, and many readers of the *Musical World*.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

REFORMER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Hope Lodge, Woodford, Dec. 9th.

DEAR SIR.—Having seen in some of the daily papers an account of the fearful accident that occurred on Monday evening last, the 6th, at the Hackney Station of the North London Railway, and thinking that some account of it might appear in your journal, the *Musical World*, I have been induced to trouble you with this to correct a misstatement, viz., that it was not myself, but that it was my dear son, Mr. F. W. Bates, who was so severely injured on that occasion by the gross negligence of the railway servants.

He has been removed home from Dr. Pye Smith's residence at Hackney, and I feel happy to state that he is progressing favourably; he has one fractured leg, his face much contused, and otherwise severely bruised.

I am, dear sir, most truly yours,

FRANCIS BATES, Sen.

ELLA TREMANTE.*

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—"Tenor Robusto" will probably find the song he wishes to procure is by Bellini, in *I Puritani*. I believe the second movement of "Ceda si misera." Yours &c., &c.,

* See last week's *Musical World*.

MUSIC AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—I read your paper constantly, and, therefore, I feel a kind of familiarity towards you, as the Editor, which gives me courage to insist upon at least half-a-column of your valuable space. I hope you will have the decency to insert this letter.

I like your paper for several reasons.

Firstly.—Because it is lively, for it has usually four or five lives going on at the same time (may I instance your excellent biographical articles upon Weber, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven and Haydn).

Secondly.—I like your notices of new organs, and that careful and interesting manner in which you allude to open diapasons, clarabellas, trebles, doublets, three ranks and preparation for trumpets, &c., &c.

Thirdly.—I like Haydn Wilson's poetry.

Fourthly.—I am fond of class newspapers, and consider the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette* one of the best conducted periodicals of the day. You will excuse me. You'll find me, generally, pretty correct.

But Sir,—I am speaking seriously—if you allow that "Old Truepenny" to write any more of his nonsense about Music and Social Improvement, I'll make my scullery-maid use your enlightened pages for cruel purposes. I can stand a good deal, but there are some ideas which, &c., cannot brook, &c., and are indecent, &c., tell a gentleman by his cloth, &c. Trusting to your sense of justice, I remain,

STRAIGHTFORWARD AND NO UNDERWORK.

[Our correspondent—our humorous correspondent—our witty, nay, ironical, correspondent—must have just returned from the Antipodes. "Old Truepenny" was cashiered for insubordination and insults to the sub-editor as far back as February last. He has since been writing a novel. "What will he do with it?"—ED. M. W.]

LOLA MONTEZ.—A letter from Dublin, dated Thursday, says:—"The news of the day is all about Lola Montez. Nothing else is spoken of. She has created quite a furor here. Last night she effected a triumph, as they say in the theatrical world. A few preliminary notices in the newspapers that the 'Countess of Lansfeld' would deliver a lecture at the Rotunda, sufficed to attract the largest audience which has appeared in the great room of that building for many years. It is capable of accommodating about 1,600 persons comfortably; but there was little room left for comfort last night. Every available spot was packed. The lecture was announced to commence at eight o'clock, but long previously the doors were shut against the incoming throng, the ticket-takers hallooing, 'Full, full.' The platform, which was set apart for the holders of 'reserved' tickets, which, by the way, cost 3s. each, was just as densely packed as the body of the room, to which access was obtained for half the money. There were but very few ladies present: in fact, it was nearly altogether a 'gentleman's party.' At half-past eight o'clock Madame Montez made her way to the platform, and after a round of applause proceeded to deliver her lecture 'On America and its people.'"

PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIMMEL.—Nearly 3,000 persons were present in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on several evenings during the engagement of this popular conjuror.

BRIGHTON.—A concert was given in the Town Hall, for the benefit of the Choir Fund. Miss Hulme and Miss Heywood, assisted by the members of the Choir of St. John's Church, sang several pieces, and more than one encore was awarded. The Honorary Organist of St. John's played some solos on the piano.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S CONCERT.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

AFTER an absence of ten years Madame Anna Bishop has returned to the country of her birth, the scene of her early artistic successes, and with laudable ambition has at once placed herself before the tribunal of public opinion. "Am I," she might inwardly have speculated before the numerous audience assembled on Monday night, in Exeter Hall, to welcome her, "Am I much changed since I last sang before you—have I retrograded, or have I advanced as a proficient in my art?" In both cases the response, had the interrogation been audibly tendered, would have been decidedly favourable. Mad. Anna Bishop, if changed, is changed for the better, being now stout and buxom, while retaining all those attractions of physiognomy that used to lend a charm to her slender personal exterior. As an artist she must also be congratulated, for besides the perfect justness of intonation, agreeable quality of tone, fluency and uniform correctness of execution for which she was deservedly renowned from the first, her voice has considerably gained in force, her style in expression and what may be termed *dramatic vigour*.

Mad. Bishop's reception on Monday night was enthusiastic beyond measure; and her performance in the old-fashioned sacred *bravura* of Guglielmi (a contemporary of Mozart's) entitled "Gratias agimus tibi," with clarinet *obbligato* (Mr. Lazarus), was so irreproachable as at once and unequivocally to entitle her to the highest honours. Later in the evening, the fire and passion she infused into Mendelssohn's superb "concert scena," known in Italian as *Infelice*, showed her equally at home in another and a nobler school. A duet from Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* (with Signor Belletti), with a couple of sentimental ballads, "Oft in the stilly night," and a ballad about Mr. Dickens's "Little Nell," not quite up to the calibre of Thomas Moore, were Mad. Bishop's other contributions to the programme. In every piece she was successful, her ballad singing being quite on a par with her *bravura*, and with her more serious exertions in the fine composition of Mendelssohn. She was recalled after each performance, and enthusiastically encored after "Oft in the stilly night." In short, our great harmonic societies, sacred and secular, and it may be surmised our lyric stage, have now at command a new singer, thoroughly efficient and more than ordinarily endowed—an artist at all points, equal to any emergency, and exactly suited to fill up the gap which has so long yawned in the *terra firma* of metropolitan musical entertainments. Madame Clara Novello has found an honourable competitor in the concert room, and Miss Louisa Pyne on the operatic boards.

The concert was otherwise rich in attractions, although the members of the orchestra were at fault all the evening, and even in Weber's familiar *Concert-stück* played so badly, so out of time and out of tune, that had not the pianist been the accomplished Miss Arabella Goddard, whose executive proficiency is so great that nothing can wholly disconcert her, it is doubtful whether they would have got to the end of it. Happily the audience were not over-critical, and Miss Goddard was loudly recalled at the termination of the performance; while in her solo "Home, sweet home," where she had no such antagonist elements to fight against, she took what our friends on the other side of the Channel term *une éclatante révanche*, playing with such exquisite refinement and such dazzling brilliancy of finger as fairly enraptured the audience, who recalled her with acclamations and compelled her to repeat the whole. Another interesting feature was the masterly performance by M. Wieniawski (from M. Jullien's concerts) of a solo by Vieuxtemps. This being unanimously redemanded, the great Polish violinist introduced the popular Carnaval, in which the well-known variation in harmonica was, as usual, encored. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss and Signor Belletti swelled the list of vocalists, and the Italian artist was deservedly recalled, after Ricci's air, "Sulla poppa del mio brik," which he gave with genuine spirit, and repeated with increased effect. The conductor, Mr. G. Loder, did not seem to have much control over his orchestra, except in a somewhat lugubrious overture of his own composition, "suggested" (according to the programme) by Scott's "Marmion," but which we are

rather inclined to think must have been "suggested" by certain inspirations of Carl Maria von Weber, composer of the opera of *Der Freischütz*, &c. This overture, at least, went well; but of all the other pieces with which the band had to do—and, beyond all, the unfortunate *Concert-stück*—the less said the better.

[The other morning papers are agreed with the *Herald* as to the merits of Madame Anna Bishop, but at issue with regard to those of Mr. George Loder's overture, which they pronounce extremely clever, and which we were not fortunate enough to hear.—ED. M. W.]

MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE."

(From *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.)

(Concluded from our last.)

At length Giesecke disappeared, nobody knew whither. (During Napoleon's continental embargo he was in Poland indulging his taste for natural history and collecting mineralogical specimens.)

"In the summer of 1818," says Cornet, "at Vienna, a nice looking old gentleman, in a blue swallow-tailed coat, white neckcloth, wearing the ribbon of an order, seated himself one day at the table in an inn, where Ignaz von Seyfried, Korntheuer, Jul. Laroche, Küstner, Gned and I met daily to dine. The venerable snow-white head, his carefully chosen words and phrases, his demeanour in general, made a very pleasant impression upon us all. It proved to be Giesecke, once chorus singer, but now professor in the University at Dublin, who had now come directly from Iceland and Lapland to Vienna with a collection of specimens of natural history from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms for the imperial Cabinet. Seyfried was the only one among us who knew him. The delight of the old man in Vienna, and at his reception from the Emperor Francis—who had presented to him a really splendid gold box, sparkling with jewels, and filled with the newest Kreminit gold pieces—was a sufficient reward for the labours and necessities of many years. Here we had opportunity to learn many things in the past; among them, that in him we saw the real author of the text to the *Magic Flute* (he was a member at that time of the persecuted order of the Freemasons)—a fact which Seyfried indeed in some sort suspected. I relate this from his own assertions, which we had no reason whatever to doubt. He made the statement to us in connection with my singing of the cavatina from the *Mirror of Arcadia*,* which was introduced into Mozart's work. Many have supposed that Helmböck, the prompter, was Schikaneder's assistant in the work. Giesecke corrected us in this, and moreover stated that, nothing but the parts of Papageno and his wife belonged to Schikaneder."

The character of Schikaneder, as shown in his treatment of Mozart, is not such as to lead any unprejudiced person to doubt his readiness to claim anything in his power, which could be for the benefit of his establishment, or of his own reputation.

Some additional light as well as doubt is thrown upon the matter by Treitschke, the poet who, in 1814, revised the text of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. He states that, just as Schikaneder was engrossed upon the text of the first finale, in 1791, the Leopoldstädtchen Theatre announced *The Magic Cither, or, Casper the Fagottist*, prepared by Isaacum Perinet (for thirty years poet of that theatre), from the same Märchen of Wieland, and in the main closely following the original story. Just this lamentable occurrence (for Schikaneder) proved the salvation of the *Magic Flute*, for he was compelled to change the entire character of the opera. For instance, Sarastro, who was to have appeared as a monster, took the new character of a Priest of Wisdom. Treitschke does not state it, but from other testimony in connection with his, I infer that it was now that Papageno and Papagena were introduced into the play.

The splendid success of the *Zauberflöte* induced the manager to prepare a second part under the title of *The Labyrinth, or,*

* *Der Spiegel von Arkadien*, by Süssmeyer.

the Strife of the Elements, and Winter was employed to compose the music. It was a failure.

Oulibicheff can hardly find words to express his disgust and contempt for the text of the *Magic Flute*. It has found but two or three defenders during the sixty-nine years of its existence—but one of these was Goethe! Perhaps defending is too strong a term to use—but here is his expression—“*Es gehört mehr Bildung dazu, den Werth zu erkennen, als ihn abzuleugnen*” a higher intellectual culture is necessary to appreciate its value than to deny it.

This letter from Goethe to Paul Wranizky, Schickaneder's Kapellmeister, dated Jan. 26, 1786, I think will be new to most, if not all the readers of the *Journal*:

“The immense success of the *Magic Flute*, and the difficulty of writing a piece to rival it, has awakened the thought of taking it as the fundamental idea of a new piece, both in order to meet the public in the line of its taste and to lighten the task, both for managers and actors, of producing a new and complicated piece. I have to reach my object most directly, by writing a Second Part to the *Magic Flute*; the characters are all well known, the actors practised in them, and the author, having the first part before him, is enabled to paint the situations and relations of the characters in stronger colours without overdoing them, and thus give such a work much life and interest. In how far I have reached my aim, the effect must show.

“That the piece may at once make its way throughout Germany, I have so arranged it, that the dresses and scenery of the first *Magic Flute*, will nearly suffice for the production of the second; still if a manager should see fit to add expensive decorations, the effect would be greater! but, at the same time, it is my desire, that even in these, the first *Magic Flute* be constantly kept in mind.

“J. W. V. GOETHE.”

No one at a performance of the *Magic Flute* can help feeling the utter insipidity of the verses, the weakness of the plot—hardly worthy the name—and the looseness, almost at times incongruity of the succession of scenes. But great things could not be expected from a chorus singer in a minor theatre, even though an expelled student of Halle, where the grand aim was to produce another “taking” Magic Spectacle for the delectation of by no means the higher classes of society. It is clear, however, that the writer had a leading practical idea in his mind, however incapable he was of adequately reproducing that idea either in plot or poetry; and this is, the triumph of light over darkness—the certainty that the earnest, persevering effort of a courageous, steadfast, unfaltering soul in the pursuit of wisdom, shall not fail of obtaining its aim and receiving its reward. Mozart perceived the idea, felt it, and to the priests' music gave a nobleness and grandeur which places it among even his grandest conceptions.

But what is the *Zauberflöte*, the *Magic Flute* or *La Flute Enchantée* all about? asks the reader: just as I asked in vain from my childhood on, until I saw and heard it here in Berlin—and that too more than once. I have never found in any book or periodical any such account of this opera as a drama, as enabled me to form any satisfactory conception of its plot, or to follow its story. Although it forms one of the grand stages in the historic progress of the operatic drama, all who have written upon it, so far as their writing have come under my notice, have either taken it for granted, that the story was already known to their readers—or they did not have any clear conception of it themselves. The various editions of the opera, which have come under my notice, are all printed without the spoken dialogue, and without stage directions; this is also true of the text books; it is then no easy matter to follow this opera as a drama. My late friend, “Brown,” seems to have felt this difficulty, and to have considered both the *Magic Flute* and *Don Juan* as epoch-making works, worthy of a careful study not only as musical but as dramatic works; for among his papers both are found written out as tales. A pretty poor tale the former proves to be, but the poorer it be the brighter shines the genius which could compose such music to it! I send it to you for the *Journal*, if you think proper to use it.

A. W. T.

THE OPERA OF LOHENGRIN.

(Concluded from page 791.)

HOWEVER paradoxical it may appear, it is, at bottom, a fact that Wagner's music is, essentially, composed of *declamation* and *instrumentation*. These two component elements, hitherto employed to adorn and support the musical part, properly so called, of a work, rule, in Wagner's case, the foreground, like great emancipated powers. Wagner's skill in declamation is one of the things in which he most decidedly excels; that he fancies he can supply the place of melody by a rising and sinking in the recitation is at once the root and the fruit of the error. The place of true song is occupied by agreeable recitatives. The question which now arises is, whether Wagner was really led to adopt this theory by independent conviction, or by the limited nature of his capabilities; I believe the latter was the case, for, as long as there has been a history of music, contempt for melody and deficiency in it have been identical. *Language*, therefore, is predominant, and goes first, while music follows it, through every turn, at the sacrifice of its own importance and dignity. It is the true characteristic of music, such as we find it in the works of all great composers, not to throw down the edifice of the musical connection, in order to fit the words of the text, one by one, with separate little stones—it looks to the spirit of the whole. There is nothing more lamentable than this characteristic in duodecimo, such as we meet with every day in songs composed by amateurs; at certain words, such as “Horror” and “Dismay,” we have a *tremolo* on the bass, while “forest” is represented by a passage on the horn, and “bird” by a shake on the upper notes, by which course the connection of the piece and the hearer's sympathy are simultaneously and completely crushed. A great many lovers of music, both male and female, are passionately fond of this; they sit with the book of the words in their hand, and are delighted the libretto agrees so magnificently line for line, nay, word with word, with the music. We know from Haydn's *Creation*, which first became popular from the instances of tone-painting it contains, what a charm there is for a large audience in such an employment of the understanding; in such a comparison of a characteristic series of sounds with a definite object. The more Mosaic the relation between the words and the music, the better pleased are a great number of “accomplished dilettanti,” while the musician keeps to the musical connection, which asserts itself independently beneath the poetical one.

The despotic degradation of music to a mere means of expression produces in *Lohengrin* those spun-out scenes, in which we do not hear much more than a continuous surging of shapeless, and, as it were, fluid sounds, for that which forms the body of music, properly so called, namely melody, independent tune, is wanting. Let the reader call to mind Telramund's scenes with Ortrud, and the finales of the second and third act. Whatever real melody there is in *Lohengrin* is partly quite commonplace, and partly strikingly suggestive of reminiscences of C. M. von Weber. If we examine many of the passages for Elsa, the trio in the marriage march, the procession to church in the second act, the first boisterous finale, conceived in Weber's or Marschner's worst style, etc., we do not feel so much inclined to call Wagner a pioneer of the “Future,” as the last of the romantic school. Yet these few melodies are most thankfully welcomed, for what real tune could be so insignificant as not to produce the effect of manna in the desert, after the declamatory exercises of the King and his Herald?

Let us see how Wagner employs the separate musical elements for his dramatic end. In order to correspond to each turn in the dialogue by an unexpected instance of colouring the music, he has recourse to the expedient of uninterrupted modulation. I know nothing in the world more fatiguing than the half-recitative songs in *Lohengrin*, which do not remain for four bars, or close, in the same key, but, restlessly changing, deceive, with one false conclusion after the other, the ear, until the latter, deadened and resigned, submits to everything. Wagner is fondest of modulating on the basis of immediate pure triades; the strange legendary impression, which he at first produces by this plan, is

naturally soon lost by exaggeration. In this shower-bath of harmonious surprises it quickly comes to pass that the hearer is no longer surprised at anything.

The painful want of composure, combined with the pretentious character of these modulations, give Wagner's music that *dilettante* and forced expression which was censured by Mendelssohn and Schumann. Harmony is developed in his works not according to its own laws; he arbitrarily subjects it in the service of his unfettered melody "growing out of the verbal verse."

It was one of Wagner's partisans, who first asserted that these pretended characteristic transitions were nothing more than "hard attacks on our ears" (harte Griffe in unsex Gehör Hinrichs). We feel the accidental, capricious element; the melody cannot possibly always serve as motive, by pregnant turns, for the instances of harmonic harshness; we soon perceive the latter are caprices, and we receive these knock-down blows of the orchestra with silent submission; without any free exercise of our will, we allow things to take their course, like Fate. We might say, shortly: Wagner ill-treats music, in order to keep us in a state of nervous excitement. But he is successful;—he surprises us at every bar, and speaks in nothing but musical points. There is something about this plan which keeps the mind so on the stretch, that it really preserves the declamatory pathos in *Lohengrin* always up to a certain level; but on this level it moves forward with the hollow monotony of certain preachers. Hand-in-hand with the sameness of the wearying chase after the modulations, we have the sameness of a rhythmical poverty. No music is got out of the trailing rhythmical periods of two and four bars. Now, moreover, as contrapuntal resources and everything called "thematic treatment," have, so to speak, no existence as far as Wagner is concerned, what has to be put on the scale, as a counterbalance to the depressing weight of this monotony?

It is his management of the orchestra. In this particular, Wagner is not only admirable, but partly new. Mendelssohn and Berlioz (if we leave out of the question some few youthful attempts speedily forgotten) have not written for the stage. Thus Wagner, who has formed his instrumentation mostly after their model, was the first person to avail himself of the magical charm of new and bold orchestral effects, to their fullest extent, for dramatic purposes. His instrumentation, from the clever employment of the various kinds of instruments,* and its elastic twining and clinging to the text, interests the musician and captivates the non-professional hearer. It is this, principally, which gives his music the dazzling appearance of novelty, strangeness, and legendary charm, and completely compensates so many persons for the absence of real music.

The dramatic vivification of the orchestra, which Berlioz had in view for the symphony, has been employed for the stage by Wagner in quite a peculiar manner. The only material objection to this is the far too glaring and deafening use of the brass instruments, and the stereotyping of many effects, such as the tremolo of the distributed violins in the highest notes, etc.

To what a degree the orchestral brilliancy alone helps many of the scenes in *Lohengrin* over the poverty of the musical thought, the reader may convince himself, with mathematical certainty, by studying the so-called "complete piano-forte edition, with the words." He will be astonished to find how small the hero looks in his dressing gown.

Despite its brilliant outwardness, the music of *Lohengrin* leaves behind it a general impression of unedifying vacuity. Excited at first by the charm of the instrumentation and the uncommon nature of the modulation; the hearer finds himself, the longer he listens, more and more fatigued by a composition destitute of a musical backbone. He never feels in a quiet and certain frame of mind, but as if plunged in the agitation caused by the incessant working of a mill-wheel.

I have been spoken to very earnestly by several persons, but I cannot remember in *Lohengrin* a single piece anything like great, of which I feel bound to say that it seizes the hearer with irresistible power, and moves the inmost recesses of his heart. Wagner's music affects the soul less than the nerves; it does

not stagger us; it is merely indescribably exciting, painfully sharpened to a point, and sensually and poetically subtle. The last fact can escape the notice of only the most credulous enthusiasts. This subtlety, which, in *Tannhäuser*, frequently made way for the original cry of the feelings, is, in *Lohengrin*, predominant. Wagner produces far less the impression of a Vulcanic nature, hurling away all its fetters, than that of a man with an acute talent for combination, and who, with the secret consciousness of his insipidity, is continually and violently exalting himself.

The most estimable and finest side of Wagner's exertions is their sincerity and power. Wagner can be accused of nothing as far as artistic morality is concerned. With uncommon and indomitable energy, he pursues the path, which, according to his conviction, is the only right one. This ethical warmth pervades, also, *Lohengrin*. Everybody feels instinctively that he has before him a work of the greatest and most honest exertion. Nor is there an absence of detailed passages, which, in the midst of the deafening uniformity of the whole, produce an edifying impression. These are nearly all such as move in Wagner's own especial sphere, namely: the *fantastic*; of this kind are *Lohengrin's* first appearance, with the beautiful choral movement in A major, and then a few other movements, treated simply and in a connected manner, as, for instance, the Bridal song, etc. We do not think the lover's duet in the third act so moving and deeply imagined as interesting, from the mysterious expression of a certain lurking excitement.

Consideration for our reader's patience forbids our going, on the present occasion, any further into details. It has, for the moment, been our aim to characterise our subject generally as a whole, and if the negative sides have come out prominently into the foreground, this was not from any wish of ours to blame, but because they struck us as being that which most needed explanation.

In conclusion, we will just make a few remarks upon the relation, which has been so much discussed, between *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. The latter appears to us decidedly more successful, both in the words and music, than the former. The legend of *Tannhäuser*, and that of the Wartburg war, so skilfully interwoven with it, are nearer to us, historically and socially, than the myth of the Holy Gral. The demoniacal principal is employed in *Tannhäuser* not only with moderation, but, which is decisive as an effective contrast, Elizabeth on the one side, and Frau Venus on the other—here the Wartburg, and there the Hörselberg—are pitted against one another as extreme contrasts, each standing out the more strongly in consequence. In *Lohengrin*, the demoniacal element is not contrasted with the human, but contained inseparably from it, in the person of *Lohengrin*. As a rule, wherever we expect amorous feelings and conduct from him, the hero wraps himself up in his seraphic dignity, and thus prevents our sympathy. In a technical point of view, also, the *libretto* of *Tannhäuser* was much more cleverly mapped out, the motives being more intelligible, the knot tighter, and the catastrophe more touching.

Although Wagner himself, and all his champions, assert that *Lohengrin* is a decided improvement on *Tannhäuser*, so much so, indeed, that the heavenly reign of the "Future," properly so-called, first began with the former, we do not hesitate ranking *Tannhäuser* higher, even musically. We find in it incomparably fresher life, terribly kept down, it is true, by wearisome declamation, but still ever and anon agreeably peeping through such melodies as the chorus of syrens in the Hörselberg, the song of the "Evening star," &c. We no more find in *Lohengrin* than concerted pieces of the musical symmetry and effect of the sextet for male voices. The misfortune which Wagner's disciples lament, that, despite everything, some few me'odies escaped him in *Tannhäuser*, was at any rate, not very great. In *Lohengrin*, he is more one-ful and consequent, but he has become a fanatic as far as all absence of melody is concerned. In addition to its "future-ish" intentions, *Tannhäuser* contained so much musical Present, that we were justified in believing that the composer, progressing in all that was beautiful and important, would soon rule the German stage. The music and poetical tendency of *Lohengrin*,

* "Klangfarben," literally, "sound colours."

and all we have heard concerning *Niebelungen*, have rather diminished our hopes of anything of the kind. Wagner will, nevertheless, continue to shine as a star in the German operatic firmament—as long as everything remains about him as dark as it does now. What portion of the interest manifested by the public is to be separated as the pure gold of enthusiasm from the dross of curiosity, is something which the next few years must determine. Everything will turn upon the question: will a thorough knowledge of Wagner's music be more prejudicial than advantageous to it?* If we may be allowed to indulge in a conjecture, we believe that the public will grow tired of these dainties, the moment three or four other composers take it into their heads, to write in "Wagner's only true" manner.

NOTTINGHAM SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC—*(From a Correspondent).*—The programme of the fourth concert, on Friday, December 3rd, was as follows:—

PART I.

"Quartet, No. 1, in G minor," pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. White, H. Farmer, Praeger, and T. L. Selby—W. A. v. Mozart. "Sonata, Op. 45, in B flat," violoncello and pianoforte, Messrs. T. L. Selby and White—F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

PART II.

"Quartet, Op. 44, in A minor," two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. Farmer, Myers, Praeger, and T. L. Selby—B. Molique. "Grand Trio, in D," (Op. 71), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. Shelmerdine, H. Farmer, and T. L. Selby—L. v. Beethoven.

The Mozart quartet was heartily welcomed. The persuasive slow movement, and the sparkling rondo especially pleased Mendelssohn's violoncello sonata in B flat, a romance throughout, was rendered with feeling and brilliancy. Molique's quartet was heard for the first time. It is full of happy and original points, which did not fail to be appreciated. The last piece on the programme was Beethoven's trio in D. Although one of the later works, it exhibits all the early vigour of the great composer. The *adagio* is unique, and stands unrivalled even by the author's own efforts.

There was a slight misprint in the last notice. For love and comfort breaking andante, read comfort breathing.

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.—The Sacred Harmonic Society recently gave Haydn's *Creation* in the Town Hall, under the conduct of Mr. Webbe. Mr. Redshaw presided at the organ, Mr. Ainsworth was leader of the orchestra, Herr Hausmann principal violoncellist, and Madame Enderssohn, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Irving principal vocalists. The choruses went well throughout. "A new created world," and "The Heavens are telling," may be specially mentioned as worthy praise. The last chorus was repeated at the end of the oratorio. Madame Enderssohn sang, "With verdure clad" most charmingly; as also "On mighty pens." The duet, "Graceful Consort," of Madame Enderssohn and Mr. Irving was perhaps the most expressive piece of the evening, though "In native worth," by Mr. Tennant, was highly effective. Mr. Tennant has a good voice, and Madame Enderssohn is too well known here to need any recapitulation of her merits. The oratorio was completely successful, and the audience large. Some little improvements had been made in the Hall, and the place was more endurable than on the last occasion, but it is still not what a concert room ought to be on a winter's evening, and we suppose the fact must be dinned a thousand times into the ears at the Town Hall Committee before they can be made aware of it.

DR. MARK and his young pupils have been giving concerts in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, during which, a solo on the violin by Master Joseph Sturge, and a duet for two cornets, by Masters Cresswell and Sturge, were among the attractions.

BRADFORD.—The Bradford Choral Society have commenced a series of concerts in the Protestant Hall, under the patronage of the mayor, the vicar, &c. Mr. Scholey is the conductor.

* It has struck us, as remarkable, that so many articles beginning enthusiastically about Wagner, should, as they went on, contain a greater and greater number of more and more important objections. See, for instance, the clever notices by Hinrichs, Joseph Bayer, etc.

LEEDS.—*(From our own Correspondent).*—Last Monday the late Festival Committee dined together at Fleischmann's Hotel, under the presidency of the mayor, and I am informed on good authority, they decided to give the next festival as a triennial gathering in 1861. Dr. Bennett's health was drunk with great enthusiasm, and there is no doubt that his services as conductor will be secured for the next festival. The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society have been presented with a complete set of Dr. Bennett's *May Queen*, by John Piper, jun., Esq., hon. sec. to the Society, and it is to be performed at the annual *soirée* on the 5th January, under the direction of Mr. Spark, the Society's conductor.

The cheap concert given on Saturday evening last in the Town Hall was but thinly attended. The singers were Mad. Enderssohn, Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. A. Irving; Signor Belletta accompanying the piano. If the operetta which these artists perform so well had been given, instead of a miscellaneous and a meagre programme, large numbers would have attended. I am informed that the Town Hall sub-committee objected to anything like drama being enacted within "their" building!

The members of the Harmonic Union gave a concert in the model infant school-room. Mrs. Fox presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. Dodd was conductor. The principal vocalists were Miss Cliff, Master Simpkins, and Mr. G. Leaf. A concert has also been given for the benefit of the Eye and Ear Infirmary, at which a surplus profit of £100 was made. Mr. and Mrs. Wood undertook the arrangement. The vocalists were Miss Dobson, Miss Hirst, Miss Newbound, Miss Pilling (pupils of Mrs. Wood), Mr. A. Mann, and Mr. Baracough. Various songs were encored, and the concert went off with spirit. Mrs. Wood presided at the pianoforte.

WORCESTER.—*(From a Correspondent).*—The receipts of the Infirmary Concert amounted to £165 6s. (including a donation of £10 10s. by Miss Goddard, in the shape of an abatement of her terms to that amount), and the expenses to £137 4s. 10d., leaving a balance of profit of £28 1s. 2d. for the benefit of the institution—certainly a very inconsiderable, and by no means satisfactory, result. The cause of this failure does not appear upon the surface. A correspondent of the *Worcestershire Chronicle* hints that professional jealousy was infused into the management from the outset, and that this marred the arrangements, by excluding the most eminent musical names in the city from taking part in the performance, and causing the Worcester Harmonic Society to be treated with great lack of consideration, if not want of courtesy. The total sum paid over to the secretary, in connection with the late movement on behalf of the Infirmary, is £375 3s. 4d., which is made up as follows:—Collection at the Cathedral, £252 15s. 2d.; donations since received, £74 7s.; profits at the concert, including a donation of £10 10s. from Miss Arabella Goddard, £28 1s. 2d.; E. Bickerton Evans, Esq., life governor, £20.—Two concerts by the Harmonic Society were given at the Music Hall, on the 7th instant. The artists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Briggs, as vocalists, with Herr Molique as solo violin, Herr Randegger as pianist and conductor of the morning performance, Mr. Harper solo trumpet, Mr. D'Egville leader, Mr. W. Haynes organ and harmonium, and the full band of the society. In the first part, the principal portions of Rossini's *Sabat Mater* were given. The most effective were, the duet, "Quis est homo," and the "Inflammatus," sung by Madame Rudersdorff. The second part was made up of ballads, songs, trios, &c., and a violin solo by Herr Molique, whose performance was a marvel of perfection in the legitimate school of violin playing. A selection from Handel's oratorio *Samson*, with full orchestral accompaniments, formed the programme for the evening. The principal parts calling for notice were, Madame Rudersdorff's "Let the bright Seraphim," which met with an encore; Miss Palmer's "Return, O God of hosts;" and Mr. Thomas's "Honour and arms." The choruses were effective, and well supported by the band and organ.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL have been giving their *Patchwork* at the Pavilion, Brighton.

ABERDEEN FESTIVAL.—A musical festival will, it is reported, be instituted at Aberdeen in 1859.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.—All the arrangements for the next Norfolk and Norwich Music-meeting, to take place in 1860, are, we understand, completed. Of course we merely allude to the preliminary steps.

BOSTON.—Mr. Buck's second subscription concert was given in the Corn Exchange. The Swedish National Singers, assisted by Madlle. Sophie Humler, the violinist, were the attractions.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Sole Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

THIS New and Elegant Theatre will be opened for its FIRST ENGLISH OPERA SEASON, on Monday evening, Dec. 20th, with a New and Original Opera by M. W. Balf, entitled SATANELLA; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE. Characters by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Mortimer, Mr. Weiss, Mr. George Honey, Mr. A. St. Albyu, Mr. H. Corri, Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. The managers in making permanent arrangements for the establishment of English opera in London, have taken advantage of the improved construction of the audience portion of the new theatre, and have made such arrangements as they trust will materially contribute to the comfort and convenience of their visitors. The pit tier and grand tier of boxes will be converted into two dress circles, each chair will be numbered, and every person on entering will receive a ticket with a corresponding number, securing him a specified seat; neatly printed programme of the performances will also be presented gratis to each person on entering; fees to box-keepers, so generally exacted, will thus be avoided. Nor will there be any charge made for booking seats beforehand. Private boxes, stalls, places in the dress-circles, and amphitheatre-stalls, may be secured at the box-office (and retained the whole evening) at the same price as that charged at the doors. Private boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-circles, 6s.; amphitheatre-stalls, 3s. and 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s. Doors open at Half-past Six, commence at Seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

MONDAY, MACBETH; Tuesday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Wednesday, MACBETH (being the last time before Christmas). Preceded every evening by a FARCE. On Monday, December 27th, (Boxing night), will be performed the Comedy of THE JEALOUS WIFE, followed by a new grand CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, entitled THE KING OF THE CASTLE; or, HARLEQUIN PRINCE DIAMOND AND THE PRINCESS BRIGHTEYES.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—OPÉRA-COMIQUE.—This theatre will open on Wednesday, December 29 next, with a troupe of eminent artists, on which occasion will be presented Auber's celebrated opera, entitled LA PART DU DIABLE, in which Madame Faure, Madlle. Céline Mathieu, Mons. Fougeré, and Mons. Emou (from the Théâtre Lyrique and Opéra-Comique de Paris, &c.) will make their first appearance in England. Full chorus and complete orchestra, comprising the principal artists from Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of Mons. Remusat (of the Académie Impériale et Opéra-Comique de Paris). Private Boxes, £4 4s., £3 3s., and £2 2s., nightly; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Box seats (reserved), 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre stalls, 1s. 6d.; Gall. ry, 1s. Subscriptions and tickets to be procured at Mitchell's Royal Library, 39, Old Bond-street. City Agent, Mr. J. Alvey Turner, 10, Poultry. Box-tickets open daily, from Eleven till Five, under the care of Mr. C. Nugent. Acting Manager, Mr. B. Barnett.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS.

Last Two Nights of Performing before Christmas. Change of entertainments, and powerful attractions. On Monday, December 20, for the Benefit of Mr. Clerk, when the following artists will appear, positively for this night only:—Mr. Alfred Raynor, Mr. John Young, Mr. Harry Rignold, Mr. Henry Butler, Mr. John Hudspeth, Mr. Henry Dudley; Mrs. Edwin Yarnold, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Mrs. Alfred Raynor, Mrs. W. Smith, Mrs. R. Barnet, and Messrs. Chapel and Mathews, and their wonderful dogs. Mr. Paul B. Ford and Miss Eliza Arden will perform, on Tuesday, in the Burlesque of NORMA.—On Monday, Dec. 20, to commence with RICHARD III. Richard, Mr. A. Raynor; Richmond, Mr. John Young. To conclude with THE AVENGER; or, the DOGS OF GHENT. On Tuesday, to commence with the STRANGER: Stranger, Mr. James Johnstone; Mrs. Haller, Mrs. R. Honner; with NORMA and the DOGS OF GHENT.

NOTICE.—On BOXING DAY, at 12 o'clock, the Great National Standard PANTOMIME will be produced.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS AND DESTITUTION, addressed to the MUSICAL PROFESSION AND TRADE and all other benevolently disposed persons.—The sudden death by rapid consumption of Clement Levett, aged thirty-one years, more than sixteen of which were passed in the Music Trade (in the establishments of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Hall and Son, Dreaper, T. Smith, and R. Mills), has just placed his widow (now near her confinement), and three small children, two of whom are mortally and bodily afflicted, in a state of great destitution. Any further particulars respecting this distressing case may be obtained of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, London, in whose service C. Levett passed twelve years of his life, or of Messrs. Hale and Son, Cheltenham, in whose service he died last October, either of whom will also be happy to receive subscriptions towards the support of the poor widow and her little family.

N.B.—Mrs. Levett is a good needlewoman, and will be thankful for employment in that line.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANCE.—Our fair correspondent should know that a sonnet contains fourteen lines—exactly the number of letters which make up her own name, by the way.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1858.

A NEW association of musicians has just sprung into vigorous life. Rejecting all big Greek wordiness, it calls itself, simply and intelligibly, "The Musical Society of London." There is that much of plain-spokenness in its favour. It makes profession of large and liberal objects. So have others; but that is nothing the less to its credit. It began work in earnest on Wednesday evening with a *conversazione*; and of what that amounted to and promised we shall speak hereafter.

Seeing that this Society commenced its preparatory operations in May last; that its executive council comprises many of the best-known musicians and amateurs of London; and that the muster-roll of its members at this time numbers close on five hundred names, it is almost strange that its existence and intentions should have hitherto attracted such an infinitesimal amount of public comment. We say "almost," for anywhere else in the world such a state of things would be impossible. Here, however, the cry of "wolf" has been so often raised in vain, that the new Society suffers with the shepherd in the fable. Musical association and "National Opera" speculations are all but non-quotable articles in the market of public opinion. They have risen, one after another, but to fall in similar succession, until at length the play is played out and the audience is wearied. Promises call forth no confidence, and prospectuses fish vainly for guineas. Thus it has hitherto been, and by this fact only can we account for the slight notice bestowed on the new Society by that portion of the press which usually deals with musical matters. Its formation has been announced, the stereotyped hopes and fears have been expressed, the usual morsels of advice tendered,—and there the subject has dropped.

But is the "Musical Society of London" to share the too common fate? Is it to struggle through its first year, merely then to fall in pieces out of its own sheer rottenness, or from the envies and dissensions of its members, or in utter despair of public sympathy? Is this new association, with all its wise and healthy proposals, to live but just long enough to show us what might be done, and then, expiring according to pattern, leave all music among us to the commercial mercies of one certain Italian Opera (perhaps two), one uncertain National Opera, a select Society in Hanover-square where people do congregate to fiddle the same symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven they were wont to fiddle full thirty years ago, and a large Society in the Strand, where, so long as the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and the *Creation* can be counted on for gain, the shopman will never be found to suggest the "next article" to an anxious customer? We hope not. We should be sadly wanting to our conviction of how much yet remains to be done if we did not hope earnestly for the success of this, and every other, honestly-planned Society. But, also, we believe not. The constitution of the new Society unfolds certain original elements of combination which seem to promise stability to an extent but seldom indicated in similar

attempts. At all events we have faith. Any scheme, however admirably devised, may fail; but, in this case, we cannot resist a very unusual sensation of confidence that if the announced plans of the Musical Society of London are honestly and zealously worked out, there is nothing to forbid its permanent existence as *the* great musical institution of England.

Of course the new Society has already its enemies. The chief crime charged against it is, as we hear, that it is an "opposition," and "intended to destroy" the Philharmonic Society. For the sake of argument, let us suppose this charge substantiated. Let us suppose the new Society was intended to, and does, oppose the Philharmonic. What then? What has the Philharmonic Society done and deserved that it should not be opposed if needful? Have its objects been so all-embracing, and their application so hyper-energetic, that nothing remains unaccomplished? Has its patronage of musicians and their music been so open-armed that not one worthy specimen of either genus, *homo* or *opus*, remains unrepresented in its councils and performances? Is its legislation the ablest, are its concerts the finest, that the times can afford? Can no spot of *clique*, jobbery, malice, be pointed at in a course of action that should have been pure, generous, artistic, guileless? Even had it been all that its partisans assert, without believing, is this metropolis just of the precise bigness to accommodate one great musical Society, and necessarily to exclude a second? Above all, is not competition a good healthy stimulant, seldom complained of, except by the garrulous and disabled in anticipation of defeat?

This cry of "opposition to the Philharmonic" is, however, we are convinced, suggested rather by the fears than the reason of its promoters. The council of the new Society openly disavow rivalry with "any existing institution," and although the announcements of a prospectus must generally be received with caution, a very slight examination of the proposals of the new Society shows its objects, constitution, and modes of operation to be so entirely different to those of the Philharmonic, that no antagonism, in the proper sense of the term, can be contemplated. What these differences are, and in what manner we conceive them to promise fairly for the permanence of the new Society, we propose to discuss in a future article.

At present we have only space to add that the *conversatione* with which, on Wednesday evening, the Society formally commenced its labours was, in the novelty and interest of its arrangements, a complete and deserved success. A large collection of important and interesting items connected with the history and present state of music—consisting of rare portraits, engravings, manuscripts, autographs, old English instruments, instruments from every quarter of the world, drawings and models of modern inventions—was tastefully arranged in the rooms, and afforded much gratification. In the course of the evening an address explanatory of the Society's objects was delivered by the Rev. Sir William Cope, one of the council, and some delightful music was contributed by members of the Society, among whom we must specify, as professors, Misses Stabbach, Hughes, and Leffler, and Messrs. Osborne, Sloper, Salaman, Silas, Jansa, Pollitzer, Blagrove, Lidel, Lazarus, and Herr Mengis. The rooms were inconveniently crowded—above four hundred ladies and gentlemen being present, and the evening passed off as brilliantly as the warmest friends of the new Society could have desired.

We don't mean to say, that when two gentlemen meet each other on the stage, the one on the right is to remark on the fineness of the day; and that the one on the left is to object that it is rather cloudy;—that the one on the right is to comment on the changeable character of English weather in general, with an accompaniment of affirmatory ejaculations by the one on the left; that the one on the right is to ask if there is any thing stirring, to be answered by the one on the left by an unequivocal negative. We don't mean, we say, to insist on all this, seeing that a conversation so supernatural would be the reverse of amusing. But we have a right to expect that when a play is called a comedy, it shall be a picture, in some sort, of life as it is, or was. The common-places of conversation that belong to all personages alike, and bear no reference to any definite course of action, should, of course, be omitted; the wits should utter their pleasantries more uninterrupted than they would in an actual drawing-room; the fools likewise should narrow the intervals between their follies; and the same economy should be observed with respect to the succession of incidents.

An improbable compactness of wit, of folly, of adventure, is therefore conceded; else our comedy would last ten years, instead of terminating at the end of two hours and a-half; and few would care to see the last act. But having made this concession in the interest of art, and for the sake of our own personal comfort, we will not concede any more; but protest strongly against impossible wit, impossible folly, impossible wisdom, impossible adventures, in the thing called a comedy. The dialogues and incidents upon the boards need not, nay, ought not, photographically to depict real life; but they ought to be deduced therefrom, not distilled from a heterogeneous mash, compounded of antiquated conventions, moral dissertations, cosmogonical treatises, pantomimic tricks, and worn-out farces. Human nature has a right to revolt against the exhibition, and to exclaim: "I did not contribute towards this mash; it is a fantastic mash and an untrue. Wherefore, then, shouldst thou say, that it means *me*, or anything belonging to *me*?" Those who would push to the extreme the demand that the stage should be a mirror, go too far in their requisition for prosaic accuracy, and, as fitting punishment, should be condemned to see ten pieces of the sort which their theory would elicit. But, in good sooth, there is a difference between the looking-glass that encumbers us with an oppressive exhibition of wearisome trivialities, and the phantasmagoria that makes us crow with puerile delight, because it shows us nought but grotesque caricatures; and this difference ought to be hit upon by the dramatic genius.

Also, we demand, that the scenes, situations, and dialogues that occur in the course of a comedy, shall be connected together in accordance with some fixed design, the departure from nature in this respect being most laudable. For it is the very essence of art to be regulated by a more obviously teleological principle than nature, showing causes final as well as efficient. More *obviously* apparent, we say, for our own view is that of Pope:—

"Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labor'd o'er with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves a second to some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole."

Now the true artist accommodates our finite perception ; and does exhibit to us a whole, wherein we clearly see the coherence of the parts. And here, what we expressed above, in the form of a concession, we again repeat as the substance of a law.

The theatrical season is now fairly setting in, and we learn from certain horoscopes that many pieces, termed comedies, will be produced. We therefore appeal to dramatic authors in general, and beg of them, that if they are about to present the public with a piece, in which all the personages are essayists or caricatures, in which the incidents are purely farcical, and in which the action is altogether incoherent, they will refrain from putting the word comedy in the bills. Let the dramatic genius affix the term "hodge-podge," or "mish-mash," or "Salmagundi," or "piccalillo" to his work, and then we will *not* go to see it.

THE MESSIAH.—The usual Christmas performances of this immortal master-piece by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society have both taken place—the first on Friday se'nnight, the second yesterday evening. At the first the principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti ; at the last, Miss Louisa Vining was substituted for Mrs. Sunderland, and Mr. Weiss for Sig. Belletti. Mr. Costa conducted. On both occasions dense multitudes assembled, and Exeter Hall was literally "crammed." Mr. Hullah gives his Christmas *Messiah* on Monday.

M. REMUSAT having completed all preliminary arrangements, the St. James's Theatre will open on the 28th inst. with a French operatic company (comic).

ROSSINI has been composing music for the pianoforte, with which all who have heard it (played by the master himself) are enchanted. *Bravissimo!*

SAINT JAMES'S HALL.—The popularity of the new hall increases, notwithstanding that the directors exhibit no intention of making the alterations, which the universal voice of London cries out are necessary for the proper conveyance of sound. On Thursday, Mr. W. Chalmers Masters gave a *Soirée Musicale*, for which, he engaged the services of Misses Stabbach, Mahlah Homer, E. Armstrong, Gérard, Rosa Evelyn, and Upton ; Messrs. George Crozier and Wallworth, as vocalists ; and Madame Rosalie Themar, pianoforte, M. Bezeth, violin, and Mr. W. Graeff Nicholls, flute, as instrumentalists. Beethoven's Sonata in G, for pianoforte and violin, was well executed by M. Bezeth and Mr. Masters. Mr. Masters also played in two compositions of his own—"Duo Concertante," for pianoforte and flute, in which he enjoyed the co-operation of Mr. Graeff Nicholls, and duet on two pianofortes, with Madame Rosalie Thémar. The lady pianist performed Döhler's fantasia on *Guillaume Tell*, and a composition of her own, in both of which she exhibited a good deal of talent, and was loudly applauded. There was but one encore, and that was awarded to Miss Stabbach, in Linley's "Bonnie new Moon," extremely well sung. The other vocal performances were too many and unimportant to demand special notice. Mr. G. Crozier, who, we believe, made his first appearance in public, showed decided promise in Beethoven's "Adelaide." He has an agreeable tenor voice, seems to have been taught well, and with time, may become an acquisition to the concert room. He was very nervous, and should have commenced with something less trying than Beethoven's aria.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY have made a donation of £50 towards the erection of the statue of Handel in his native town of Halle. This gift has been received by Sir George Smart, chairman of the London committee for carrying out the object, having been transmitted to Mr. Klingemann, secretary of the committee. Some months ago a donation of the same amount was received by Sir George Smart from the Sacred Harmonic Society. The statue (which is said to be a fine work of art) is nearly completed, and its erection will form a part of the centenary commemoration, at Halle, of the death of the great master.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE "Mozart Night" came off on Saturday, before an enormous audience, and with triumphant success. Two symphonies were played—the E flat and the Jupiter—besides the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and the incomparable pianoforte concerto in D minor, performed from end to end in a style worthy of the music (than which higher praise cannot be given) by our young and gifted pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, who, in the first and last movements, introduced the masterly "cadenzas" of Hummel, executing them as Hummel might have executed them himself. The impression created by this admirable exhibition was, as might have been anticipated, immense. Miss Goddard was recalled to the orchestra at the end, amid volleys of applause, from boxes, gallery and promenade. The sensation, in short, was unanimous as it was truly enthusiastic, and better still, it was *legitimate*.

To-night brings the series of concerts to a close. Mad. Anna Bishop (who, with M. Wieniawski, accompanies M. Jullien on his provincial tour) has been the *prima donna* since Tuesday—the night after the *Bal Masqué*—creating the utmost enthusiasm, both by her "bravura" and ballad-singing. She was nightly encored in Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus tibi," and in "Oft in the stilly night," or "Come again to-morrow," when she substituted "Home, sweet home," which created a furor.

Next week we shall offer some general remarks on the season.

Of the *Bal Masqué* on Monday night, we have nothing new to say. The theatre was handsomely decorated and brilliantly lighted, and although the size of the theatre was no less opposed to the convenience of the lovers of dancing at the Ball than to the lovers of music at the Concerts, as much accommodation was obtained from the stage and pit as ingenuity could devise. Dancing commenced at about a quarter past ten, and at that time there were hardly one hundred persons in the house. Towards eleven, they came in by flocks and herds, and at supper time the crowd was so immense as greatly to impede the pleasures of the dancers. The separation of the pit and stage was a happy thought, as by these means the pressure of the mass was divided into two channels. The characters and costumes were hardly up to the average of former years, and we missed sundry familiar faces who were wont to enliven these exciting scenes by their vivacity and droll personifications. M. Jullien presided in the orchestra until long past supper, and gave most of the favorite dance-pieces of the season, including the "Indian" quadrille, the "Trab Trab" quadrille, "the Fern Leaves," the "Campbells are Coming" quadrille, the "Frikell" polka, the "Kiss" polka, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE last (the fifth) Saturday concert was again a good one, and again well attended. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor ; the overtures were *Benvenuto Cellini* (Berlioz) and *Oberon*. M. Sainton played the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto (why only the first movement we are at a loss to guess), and his own *concert-solo* magnificently ; and Miss Louisa Vining gave the same master's, "Ah! perfido," besides two ballads, "Scenes that are fairest" (Benedict), and "Where the bee sucks," in the last of which, she was encored. Herr Manus conducted.

MADAME PERSIANI A MUSIC MISTRESS.—Madame Persiani, so long a brilliant ornament of the Opera Italian, has lately fixed her residence in Paris, with a view to devote herself wholly to tuition in the art of which she is so eminent a mistress.

BRIGHTON—(From a Correspondent).—Maddle. Finoli's concert was very numerously and fashionably attended. The fair artist sang "Non più meata," the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the duet from Rossini's *Barbiere*, "Dunque io son," with Signor Lorenzo. In the *brindisi* Maddle. Finoli was honoured with an encore. Mr. Horace Vernon, a new tenor, sang "Come into the garden, Maud," with taste. Herr Kuhe, M. de Paris, and Miss Sophie Wright, were the instrumentalists.

SWANSEA.—Miss Julia Bleaden has been giving her musical entertainment, in conjunction with Messrs. Alfred and Henry Nicholson, with great success.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH's second concert (on Wednesday night) was one of the very best he has ever given. The programme included the "Lauda Sion" of Mendelssohn, the second symphony of Beethoven, and Professor Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, which was no less triumphantly successful than at the Leeds Festival in the autumn. Of this charming pastoral we shall shortly have to speak in detail, a printed copy having reached us from Messrs. Leader and Cock, the publishers. At present it is enough to say that the performance, though not irreproachable, was highly creditable for a first attempt; that the overture and orchestral accompaniments were, on the whole, well played (allowing for the absence of what the Italians term "*chiaroscuro*") that the lighter choruses were more fortunate for intonation and precision than those of a graver character; and that the principal singers—Miss Banks, Mdlle. Behrens, Mr. Wilby Cooper and Mr. Weiss—were all careful, if not all perfect. Mr. Wilby Cooper, who was engaged to fill the place of Mr. Sims Reeves in the "Lauda Sion," undertook, with friendly readiness, and in a thoroughly artistic spirit, the same difficult task in the *cantata* of Professor Bennett, at only one hour's notice. The audience appreciated this conduct, and, much as the absence of our great English tenor was regretted, were most kind and considerate to his substitute, whom they encored unanimously in the air, "O meadow clad in early green." Miss Banks was similarly honored in the charming roundelay of the *May Queen*, "With the carol in the tree," in which the chorus is allotted so conspicuous a part; and Mr. Weiss, in the very characteristic song of Robin Hood, "'Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight," the gentleman deserving the compliment fully, the lady (who made us regret Mad. Novello) in a lesser degree.

Applause of the warmest kind awarded every piece; and at the end, the composer, being in the hall, was summoned by the whole audience, and brought forward into the orchestra by Mr. Hullah, amid enthusiastic cheering. No success could have been more complete.

"Professor Bennett," says an excellent writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "was not summoned and re-summoned seventeen times like an Italian composer of operas, but the applause with which he was met, when he did appear, was given not merely with the hands, but also from the heart. Professor Bennett favours the public but rarely with a new work, and we believe the *May Queen* is the only important composition for voices that he has written. Of course we do not imagine that popular success alone can, or ought to have, any effect on the intentions of a great composer. He produces what he feels to be good, and does not aim merely at pleasing the public taste. Nevertheless, as he means his music to convey certain impressions to those who listen to it, he must rejoice when he has before him the palpable proof that the desired end has been gloriously attained. Therefore, Professor Bennett cannot be indifferent either to the high appreciation of musicians, or to the enthusiastic applause of the general public. Those who have studied music profoundly—those who possess musical sensibility without any deep knowledge of the art—and, in short, all who have ears to hear—are delighted with the *May Queen*. We consider, then, that, if only from a feeling of benevolence, our cleverest composer—who is, at the same time, one of the greatest composers of Europe—should produce another cantata. We say a cantata, because compositions for the orchestra alone can never give the same universal pleasure which is derived from those in which the voices are also employed. Symphonies are seldom appreciated by persons who have not made music a special study; but among the audience last night at St. Martin's Hall there were numbers who might have felt the beauty of Professor Bennett's melodies, just as a child is pleased and affected by the charm of a simple nursery tune. Nothing can be more refreshing, after a long course of emphatic and exaggerated opera music, than to hear such sweet strains as those of the *May Queen*. It lasts about as long as one act of a modern opera, and contains no noise. But it will be listened to long and long after the *mæstros* of the spasmodic school shall have ceased to bray. Their trumpets and trombones will, one day, be

silent; and lovers of music, after hearing the *May Queen*, will say of Professor Bennett what Horace, in a celebrated line, has said of himself: 'He has raised a monument more lasting than brass.'

DRURY LANE.

THE operatic season was brought to a termination with an English version of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, which Miss Louisa Pyne selected for her benefit, playing Maria for the first time in London. Unfortunately for the completeness of the performance, Mr. Harrison was taken ill, and could not appear as Tonio, and the part in consequence was allotted to Mr. St. Albyn, who not being up in the music, and knowing nothing of the dialogue, was compelled to omit nearly the entire of one and read the other from book. At which a part of the audience were by no means pleased. There was no help, however, and no one was to blame.

Miss Pyne sang the music of the "Vivandière" with exceeding brilliancy and admirable taste. The cadence in the lesson scene could hardly have been surpassed in facility, ease, and brilliancy. The trio of the "Rataplan" was no less excellent, and was encored with acclamations. In her acting, Miss Louisa Pyne was natural and unaffected throughout, and, occasionally, even earnest.

At the end of the opera, Miss Louisa Pyne was called before the curtain, and received with boisterous enthusiasm. Mr. Harrison was then summoned, and after some delay, appeared in plain clothes. He, too, obtained an uproarious welcome. When he could obtain silence, he addressed the audience, and thanked them for the patronage shown him at Drury Lane, which he trusted would be extended to him in his future home at the Royal Italian Opera.

"To be doing," seems the motto of the Pyne and Harrison Company. On Saturday, Drury Lane was evacuated; on Monday, the prospectus for the new campaign, at Covent Garden, was issued. The prospectus certainly contains nothing that asks for serious consideration. Little is said about music, beyond the fact, that Balfe's new opera, *Satanella; or the Power of Love*, will be produced on the opening night. No reference occurs to any other composer, or any other work. Liberal promises are made respecting the internal arrangements of the theatre, all of which will find favour in the eyes of the public; but we should like to have obtained a little information regarding what the management intends doing up to April, when Mr. Gye wants the house.

Monday night is to be the opening night, and what with the curiosity to see the new home of the English Opera, the eagerness to hear Balfe's new work, and the desire to welcome a "national" company in so magnificent a theatre, the excitement is at the highest. Let us entertain the hope that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison will do all in their power to render their administration worthy of public approval.

COMMON SENSE AND JUSTICE.

(From the *Era*.)

On the first night of the popular concerts in St. James's Hall Mr. Sims Reeves was unfortunately unable to appear, owing to a severe cold and hoarseness, and though on the following evening he gave the beautiful song, "Come into the garden, Maud," with a sweetness and power of voice worthy of his high and deserved reputation, traces of recent indisposition were strongly visible in his features. The absurd notion entertained by some unthinking people, that these disappointments of the public are only due to the caprice of the singer, would hardly require refutation if those who entertained such an opinion would only reflect upon the serious pecuniary loss our popular English tenor thus sustains. There are few who appear so often before the public, and none who work harder, and the high value set upon his exertions would show at once that the sacrifice of all remuneration could only be made when the vocalist was physically incompetent to fulfil his engagement.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The end of comedy is to amuse; instruction should be conveyed by implication. Better far that indoctrination should be dispensed with altogether in a comic drama, than not be made subservient to entertainment. Nobody goes to a theatre to be taught; pleasure and relaxation are what are specially looked for and expected. If a comedy fail in pleasing and unbending the mind, no amount of fine writing, no profound insight into humanity, no subtle knowledge of character will suffice. The author had better take his piece to the Literary Institution, in Edward-street, and read it to a select public, than have it performed on the stage. The most perfect acting cannot compensate for the absence of humour, when humour is anticipated. A comedy is no comedy, if, instead of amusing and interesting, it bores from beginning to end. Of all our modern writers of comic pieces, none has proved more successful than Mr. Bayle Bernard, most of whose dramas, particularly those written for poor Power—such as *The Nervous Man and Man of Nerve, His Last Legs, The Galway Attorney, &c.*,—some of them of old date, still support a respectable standing on the stage. Mr. Bernard's aim in these comedies was to keep up a continual discharge of fun and whimsicality, and never deviate into the slow tracts of the moralist or preacher. In his new work, *The Tide of Time*, he not only preaches and moralises, but attempts to philosophise. Now, abstractedly considered, Mr. Bernard exhibits a deeper train of thought in this play, and a greater command of poetical language and imagery, than in any piece that has hitherto proceeded from his pen; but in accomplishing what is fine, he has ceased to be amusing, and *The Tide of Time* may be pronounced a sermon rather than a comedy. When Spalding, the hero of the piece, is on the stage, we hear nothing from his lips but moral disquisitions on social progress, the unmeaning distinctions of rank, or the affections of the heart, and, everytime he speaks, we are tempted to exclaim with Sir Peter Teazle, "Damn your sentiment, Joseph." None of the characters possesses the slightest vitality, nor stands out prominently from the canvas, if we except Sir Dormer de Brazenby, played by Mr. Compton, who lives on one idea, and that more strange than funny, of desiring to establish his theory of the curvilinear line to the utter annihilation of straight lines and angles. The character sustained by Mr. Buckstone has no individuality whatever. He is just what the bills describe him—"A neighbour"—no more. Pendarvis, the aristocrat, does not exhibit one single trait, good, bad, or indifferent, of high life; while Grainger, the solicitor, shows as little of the lawyer in feeling, instinct, or manner, as Spalding, the manufacturer, or Quillet and Griffiths, whose avocations are not even hinted at. The comedy, brought out on Monday night, achieved a *succès d'estime*—that was all. No one could be indifferent to the merits of the writing and the excellence of the acting. These insured the piece a favourable reception; wanting them *The Tide of Time* could hardly have flowed calmly into the harbour of popular estimation. Sir William Don has given up playing John Small in *Whitebait at Greenwich*, and has taken to Mr. Timothy Toodles, in the farce of *The Toodles*. The baronet will be due shortly at some metropolitan or provincial theatre, so that his services are nearly run out at the Haymarket. Signora Perea Nena is also about to leave. Mr. Buckstone, doubtless, will experience no difficulty in filling the places of the popular Spanish *danseuse* and the longitudinous knight-baronet.

AMERSHAM, Dec. 15th, 1858—(From a Correspondent).—The fifth annual concert, given by the young gentlemen at Mr. West's Grammar School, took place on Thursday, the 9th instant. Mr. W. H. Birch conducted. Several of that gentleman's vocal miscellany, viz.:—“The gondolier's serenade,” “In de woods ob Carolina,” “The British Army and Navy,” new national anthem, were sung with great effect. The band performed Mozart's overture to *Cosi fan Tutti*, and to Beethoven's *Prometheus*. Beethoven's trio in D was performed by three concertinas. Some songs and piano solos were rendered by Messrs. F. and A. West, Beaumont, Redfern, Glover, and Hurndale. The concert was throughout successful.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL UNION.

(From the Birmingham Daily Post.)

THE second concert, which took place at Dee's Hotel last evening, was, if possible, more successful than the former one. The weather had decidedly set its face against the entertainment with edifying earnestness of purpose, and invested the town in general, and the vicinity of Dee's Hotel in particular, with a thick London fog, sufficient to damp the spirits of a lamplighter; but the attractive powers of Messrs. Duchemin and Co. were weather proof, and at an early hour of the proceedings every corner of the saloon was crowded with a brilliant and appreciative company. The programme presented one of the richest musical treats that it is possible to compress into the space of a couple of hours' performance, as will be seen by the subjoined sketch:—

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|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------------|
| Quartet in F—No. 1, Op. 18 | ... | ... | ... | ... | Beethoven. |
| Song—Miss Amelia Hill | ... | ... | ... | ... | Henselt. |
| Solo—Pianoforte—Op. 27, No. 1 | ... | ... | ... | ... | Beethoven. |
| Sonata in B flat—Pianoforte and Violin | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mozart. |
| Quartet | ... | ... | ... | ... | Weber. |
| Song—Miss Amelia Hill | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| Solo—Violin | ... | ... | ... | ... | Lipinski. |
| Quintet—C major | ... | ... | ... | ... | Mozart. |

Beethoven's Quartet, written for stringed instruments, was entrusted to Messrs. Wallerstein, Hayward, Baetens, and Lidel, and, with the exception of a little unsteadiness in the opening movement—*Allegro con brio*—was admirably executed. Miss Amelia Hill, the sole vocalist of the evening, is an old favourite with Birmingham audiences, and her sweet and graceful delivery of the two songs by Henselt and Mendelssohn, made a sensible impression and fully vindicated her title to the high local position which she enjoys. The pianoforte sonata—Beethoven, Op. 27—to which Mr. Duchemin rendered ample justice, is better known as the Moonlight Sonata. Its execution left nothing to be desired, and it may be set down as one of the finest performances of the evening. Mozart's Sonata, stated in his diary to have been composed on the 21st of April, 1784—or some eight years prior to his decease, was listened to with all the interest which its merits, no less than the associations arising out of its performance at this period, are sure to inspire. Messrs. Flavell and Hayward performed their parts admirably, and the audience were by no means backward in their applause. Weber's quartet for piano and stringed instruments was a fine performance, and Lipinski's violin solo, in the hands of Herr Wallerstein, raised the audience to enthusiasm. On the whole the entertainment was most creditable to so young an association.

The arrangements for the comfort of the audience were unexceptionable. The fog, of course, persisted in bursting in every time a door was opened, and in the early part of the evening produced a good deal of dry coughing, suggestive to the reflecting mind of the advantages derivable from Keating's lozenges, Christian's pâtes de lichen, and other nostrums for allaying pulmonary irritation, but this state of things soon wore off, and the audience abandoned themselves, without reserve, to the enjoyment of the musical banquet prepared for them.

ORATORIOS IN DERBY.—All lovers of the higher class of music will learn with pleasure that Mr. T. A. Johnson, Music-seller and Concert Agent of this town is making arrangements for the performance, in Derby, of the oratorios of Handel, Mendelssohn, and other great masters. Mr. Johnson has already, on many occasions, proved himself entitled to the thanks and support of the public, for his spirited conduct in catering for their amusement. But none of his previous efforts give him so good a claim as this; and we are glad to perceive, from a list of subscribers who have already promised their patronage, that he has reason to anticipate a successful issue to his undertaking. We are told that eminent solo singers will be engaged, and that the band and chorus will be thoroughly efficient. The first oratorio will be Handel's *Messiah*.—*Derby Mercury*.

LOUTH.—The post of organist has been filled up by the appointment of Dr. Dixon, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and organist of East Retford.

BRISTOL.—The Concert given by Mr. P. J. Smith, in the Victoria Rooms, attracted a numerous audience. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Mrs. P. J. Smith, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Thomas: the instrumentalists, Herr Molique, Signor Randegger, Messrs. Waite, Nicholson, Waetz, T. Harper, Brooke, Man, and Priest. The orchestra and chorus were principally members of the Harmonic Union. The chief features in the concert were a symphony of Beethoven, (minus the first movement), Bach's "Chaconne" for violin, played by Herr Molique, a Violoncello Solo by Mr. Waite, and the *finale* to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, which concluded the first part. The overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Mendelssohn's *scena*, "Infelice," "O 'tis a glorious sight," (*Oberon*), by Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," brought the concert to a conclusion.

BELFAST.—The second concert of the Classic Harmonists' Society was very successful. The first part of the programme consisted of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, in which Mrs. Sunderland and Mr. Wynn bore away the palm. The second part was miscellaneous, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Crosland, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Winn, assisting as vocalists, and Mr. George B. Allen as pianist. A four-part song, by Mr. Allen, "I love my love in the morning," was well sung and greatly applauded. Mr. Allen played a solo on the pianoforte, by Thalberg, with great applause, and the concert gave general satisfaction.

AN OVERTURE TO VERDI.—(Rejected by *Mr. Punch*).—Signor Verdi, who, from disinclination or incapability, seldom writes an orchestral prelude to his operas, has had an overture made to him by Mr. Lumley, to come to London and superintend the production of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* next season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Should this work of the Italian *maestro* be brought out here, it is to be hoped that the public will not be visited with a fit of the vapours.

MR. RANSFORD'S Annual Concert took place on Tuesday evening in St. James's Hall. A programme of "monster" proportions was provided, and a crowded room the result. The vocalists were so numerous that we cannot find space to particularise. Mr. Sims Reeves was the "star," and managed to get through his labours admirably, although evidently suffering under hoarseness, indeed anything but in a condition to come before the public; the audience applauded everything he sang, and insisted on a repetition of "Phœbe dearest." Miss Ransford was in excellent voice, and was obliged to repeat "Peace inviting" (Bishop) with trumpet obbligato played by Mr. Distin. Mr. Ransford, among other pieces, gave Dibdin's ballad "The Token," and a comic duet with his daughter. Other "vocalisms" were contributed by Misses Wells, Lascelles, Messent, Pool, Rebecca Isaacs, Laura Baxter, George Perren, Genge (encored in "Sally in our alley"), Ferdinand Glover, Winn, and Miss Teresa Jefferys. The last mentioned, a young aspirant, bids fair to attain a high position in her profession. She sang "Di Piacer" in a style that would have done honour to a much more experienced vocalist, and the applause she received was richly merited. The instrumental performances consisted of various pieces by the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. Godfrey, one of which was so well played as to be unanimously redemanded. A violin solo, the "Carnaval de Venise," was played by Mr. Viotti Collins, who was recalled after his performance, and a pianoforte solo, "Variations on Weber's Last Waltz," capitally played by the composer, Mr. Brinley Richards, who was loudly applauded at the conclusion. The programme, which altogether appeared to please Mr. Ransford's patrons, also included the music of *Macbeth*, with new words by Mr. Harcourt Russell. With regard to the *Macbeth* music, the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph* observes:—"The *Cantata* which had been announced as one of the special attractions of the evening, was simply Locke's celebrated music to *Macbeth*, with new words by Harcourt Russell, Esq." We confess we prefer the original poetry by William Shakspere, Esq., and it is almost superfluous to remark that if Matthew Locke had had Mr. Russell's, instead of Mr. Shakspere's, lines to write to he would not have wedded them to the immortal music, which is so perfectly appropriate, to the incantation scenes of our great dramatic tragedy. Mr. Russell's subject is Spring, and we admit that his verses are not without grace. But if he really believes that a poem on Spring is suited to the music composed for *Macbeth*, we advise him to try his hand next at adapting Milton's *Allegro* to Mozart's *Requiem*." These remarks would have still greater weight if "Mr. Shakspere" had really been guilty of all the doggrel to which Locke's music is set. But, unfortunately or fortunately, he was guiltless of most of it.

MANCHESTER.—Miss Louisa Keeley has made her *début* at the Monday Evening Concerts, in the Free Trade Hall. Notwithstanding a severe cold, she contrived to achieve a decided success. Miss Armstrong and Mrs. Brooke, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Ferry, were the other vocalists.

At M. Hallé's Orchestral Concert on Wednesday week, we had the Overtures to *Leonora*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and the *Pré aux Clercs*: the Andante from Spohr's *Power of Sound*, one of Haydn's symphonies in D, and the ballet music from the *Prophète*. M. Hallé played the second concerto of Mendelssohn, and a solo by Listz. The vocalists were Miss Helen Walker and Mr. George Cooper.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LINCOLN.—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln preached in the morning at St. Mary's Church, on the occasion of the opening of a new organ in that place of worship. His lordship took for his text the 74th and 75th verses of the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke—"That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life." The Rev. J. Thorold, the vicar, preached in the afternoon and evening, taking for his text in the afternoon the 1st to the 10th verses of the 3rd chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and in the evening, the 7th and 14th verses of the 6th chapter of the II. Book of Kings. The congregations were very large. The collections amounted to £14 10s. The organ, which is from the well-known manufactory of Forster and Andrews, of Hull, consists of two rows of keys and a pedal organ. The Great Organ, compass CC to G, contains:—1, open diapason, all metal; 2, viola di gamba; 3, stopped diapason, bass; 4, claribel; 5, principal; 6, fifteenth; 7, sequitralia of three ranks; 8, wald flute. The Swelling Organ, compass tenor C to G, contains:—1, double diapason; 2, open diapason; 3, principal; 4, oboe. The Pedal Organ, compass CCC to E, 29 notes, contains a bourdon from the 16 feet note. The Couples are—1, swell to great; 2, great to pedals. There are three composition pedals for the instantaneous shifting of the stops without employing the hands. The bellows are double feeding, with internal waste valves. The key machinery works in cloth bushes for silence, and every modern improvement of value is adopted in the construction of the instrument. It is enclosed in a stained case of very neat and appropriate design, having gilded pipes in front, forming not only a very useful but an exceedingly ornamental addition to the church. The full organ is powerful, and we believe the instrument, under the hands of Mr. F. M. Ward, the clever organist, will be productive of great assistance to the congregation. The "Hallelujah Chorus" at the conclusion of the morning's service was very effective. The idea of having an organ at St. Mary's church originated with the vicar some two or three years ago, and he set himself to work to obtain it with a zeal which has at last proved successful. He personally contributed £50 on the condition that the remaining £200 be raised, the cost of the organ being 200 guineas, and the necessary alterations before fixing it, £40. The rev. gentleman has actively canvassed his own parish by himself, but has not asked the parishioners of any other parish for a farthing, in consequence of the claims made, and about to be made, upon them for improvements in their own churches.

MORLEY.—A concert and tea meeting was held in the Zion Independent Chapel, for the purpose of getting funds for the improvement of the organ. Selections from the *Creation*, *Messiah*, &c., were sung by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newell, Mr. Baines, and Mr. Sykes. Mr. Bowring was the conductor, and Mr. Naylor presided at the organ. A handsome surplus is expected.

WORCESTER.—The Choristers' annual concert, at the Musical Hall, was successful. The young singers were applauded in several pieces. Messrs. Mason, Berkley, Briggs, Brooks, and Simms, lent their assistance, and gave the glee, "Come, bounteous May." The Recreation Band's concert programme had the names of Mrs. Evans, Messrs. Pugh, Wood, Parker, and Combs, in it. Mrs. Evans and Mr. Pugh were several times encored. Mr. Langdon was conductor.

ALTRINCHAM.—The Choral Society gave their third concert for this season in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, the 6th instant, to a large audience. These meetings have gradually increased since their commencement, which shows how they are appreciated by the inhabitants of the town. The music for the evening was selected from the works of Hatton, Calcott, Webbe, Shield, Festa, and other popular authors. A variety of songs were sang by members of the choir, each being warmly encored. In the interval of the concert, the members of the society adjourned to the commercial room in the Unicorn Hotel, and presented their conductor with a silver-mounted baton, inclosed in a box, with a silver plate inlaid in the centre of the lid, bearing a suitable inscription. At the close of the presentation, the meeting gave three cheers for the conductor.—*Manchester Times*.

ADDITIONAL REMINISCENCES OF BEETHOVEN.

(From the *N. Y. Musical Review*).

A GERMAN paper, *Die Grenzboten*, has recently published some communications on the latter years of Beethoven's life, from the diary of a lady, which we deem so highly interesting that we translate them for the benefit of our readers. The author of them was at that time a young girl, daughter of a Mr. del Rio, who, in the year 1816, was the head of a large school at Vienna. The observations were written down evidently with no thought of their ever being published:

"As early as the year 1815, during the Vienna Congress, we made the acquaintance of Beethoven. At that time the private counsellor of the King of Prussia, Mr. Duncker, lived in our house. Mr. Duncker was very fond of music, and a great admirer of Beethoven. He had written a tragedy, *Leonoore Prokaska*, for which Beethoven composed a few pieces—a short but most beautiful hunting chorus, a romance, and some music with an accompaniment for the harmonica, in the style of the melodrama. Besides these, the poet got Beethoven to score for him his grand *Funeral March* from his Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 26. Sister and I asked Mr. Duncker why he had not begged for a new march; but he thought a better one could not be composed. All the pieces, with the exception of the *Funeral March*, are still in our possession. We had even the permission to publish them with the name of 'Friedrich Duncker,' but it never came to that. The splendid *March*, I believe, has been performed once a year in a private musical circle in Berlin. The tragedy has never been performed. Duncker had a great many consultations with Beethoven about it. Beethoven was not satisfied with the words to the 'Hunting chorus,' and even after they were altered, and altered again, he wanted the accent upon the first syllable.

"When Beethoven was appointed guardian of his brother's son a new life seemed to come upon him. He was extremely fond of the boy, then about nine years old, and it seemed almost that the latter had the key to his humour to compose, or to be silent. It was in 1815, when he brought his beloved Charles to our school, which my father had conducted since the year 1798. Already at that time, it was necessary to be quite close to him in order to be understood by him. From this time we saw him very often; and later, when my father removed the school to the suburb, Landrass Glacis, he also took lodgings in our neighbourhood; and the next following winter he was almost every night in our family circle. However, we could seldom profit by his presence, for very often he was vexed with the affairs of his guardianship, or he was unwell. Then he would sit the whole evening at our family table, apparently lost in thought, occasionally smiling, and throwing a word in, at the same time spitting constantly in his pocket-handkerchief, and looking at it. I could not help thinking, sometimes, that he feared to find traces of blood.

"One night, when he brought up his song, 'To the Beloved far off,' words by Jeiteles, and father wanted me to accompany my sister, I got rid of it with the fright; for Beethoven told me to get up, and accompanied himself. I must say here, that to our great surprise, he often struck wrong notes: but then again, when my sister asked whether she was right or not, he said, 'It was good, but here,' putting his finger upon note where the sign of a tie was placed, 'you must draw over.' He had missed that.

"At another time, I remember that he played with us like a child; and that he took refuge from our attacks behind the chairs, &c.

"I very often wandered that Beethoven cared so much for the opinions of people! and once exclaimed, with regard to his nephew: 'What will people say! they will consider me a tyrant!' But this nobody could have believed, who had ever seen him for once with his dear boy, who was frequently allowed to clamber over him, and pull him almost from his chair.

"At one time, in spring, he brought us violets, saying: 'I bring you Spring.' He had been unwell for some time; he had suffered a good deal from colic, and said: 'That will be once my end!' When I told him that we could put it off for a long time, he answered: 'He is a poor fellow who does not know how to die; I have known it since a boy of fifteen years. It is true, for my art I have as yet done but little.' 'Oh! as for that, you can die with ease,' I said, upon which he murmured: 'There are quite different things floating before me.' At the same time, he brought us a beautiful composition, 'To Hope,' from Tiedge's *Urania*, whom he always called Tiedsche, and not in fun either. Beethoven got easily vexed, and this is the reason why his friends often thought he had something against them, even when it was not the case. But he was in his manners so different, and seemed sometimes so unfriendly and cold, that one was obliged to think so, and to keep away from him. It frequently happened that he did not trust his best friends, and really grieved them. Sometimes he complained also about his pecuniary matters, which was his hobby."

EPITAPHS.

(TO BE SET TO MUSIC.)

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have been a gleaner in epigrams and epitaphs. Among the epitaphs there are two that were deemed the happiest of the past age. The first was on a lady whose name has escaped my memory, but the object of the inscription was to describe the greatest degree of beauty and the highest virtue which could exist in the human form of a female (said to be written by Ben Jonson):—

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which, when alive, did vigorous give
To as much virtue as could live.

The next relates to two noble families:—

ON THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,—
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Half so good and fair to see,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

ON A BAD FIDDLER.

Old Orpheus play'd so well he moved Old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

ON A DOCTOR WHO SCRIBBLED VERSES.

Thou essence of dock, valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of the age,
The worst that we wish thee for all thy bad crimes,
Is to take thy own physic and read thy own rhymes.

ADDENDUM.

The wish must be in form reversed
To suit the doctor's crimes,
For if he take his physic first
He'll never read his rhymes.

ON A DOCTOR WHO WROTE BAD FARCES FOR THE STAGE.

For physic and farces
His equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

AN IRISHMAN'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

O Death, how could you be so unkind
As to take her before an' lave me behind?
Why didn't you take both of us, if aither,
Which would have been betther for the survivor?

A READER.

ENGLISH ARTISTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Canadian papers report that Mr. H. C. Cooper and his opera troupe are doing exceedingly well in the colony. We make an extract or two at random. The *Daily British Whig*, published at Kingston, says:—"The City Hall was crowded to excess, and the opera (the *Trovatore*) a great success. Miss Annie Milner sang charmingly from first to last. She is really a first-class *prima donna*." Another writer speaks of Miss Milner as possessing a voice and abilities "beyond what most professional ladies possess." The *Daily Colonist*, published at Toronto, says:—"Miss Milner is an artiste of the first water." The Canadian critics are even more loud in their praise of Mr. Cooper's violin playing. One says,—"He is one of the most magnificent violinists that ever delighted the citizens of Toronto." Another,—"His conception of every movement is such as to satisfy every educated musician that a great performer's moving the multitude." And a third,—"We cannot describe the effect he produced. Those who did not know that Mr. Cooper was one of the greatest violinists of the age, found it out last night to their heart's content."

CHAPELTOWN.—Mr. J. M. Roberts gave a concert in the Church School-room. The principal vocalists were Misses Charlesworth, Speak, Mary Clark (pupils of Mr. Roberts), and Messrs. Parker, Reddyhoff, and Naylor. The concert went off well, and several encores were obtained.

SONG.
(FOR MUSIC.)

THE countries that like may their marvels boast,
In symphony grand and in song;
Grim is the God, the Apollo we toast,
In this land of the rough and strong.
Hark to the voices of England's loud quire,
In forge and in foundry singing;
Harsh are their tones, English hearts they inspire
In clangorous concert ringing.
Richest of tenors, our hammers beat fast,
Whilst the ponderous beam marks time;
The hiss of the steam, and the furnace blast,
A good treble and bass do chime.

No soft hunting horn, over hill and dell,
Shall with dulcet echoes lure us;
From lone convent height, no deep drowsy bell
Shall in dismal thought immure us.
And our tally-ho! henceforward shall be,
But the screeching shrill of the train;
Nor trumpet nor drum for summons need we,
Our freedom and rights to maintain;
For each window pane, in the squire's old hall
Shall be red with the furnace glare,
From smoke of the mill shadow shall fall
O'er the glitter of State and War.

J. G.

CLYDACH.—The Choral Society have given a concert of sacred music. Selections from the works of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, &c., were well sung. The principal vocalists were, Miss Hughes, Miss Dunlop, Messrs. Griffith and Davies. The instrumentalists were, Mr. Fricker (harmonium), and the conductor was Mr. J. Rees. Mr. Trevor A. Williams and Mr. J. J. Strick addressed the meeting on the advantages of joining the society.

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Published by JOHN BOOSEY, of Castlebar-hill, in the parish of Ealing, in the County of Middlesex, at the office of BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street. Sold also by REED, 15, John-street, Great Portland-street; ALLEN, Warwick-lane; VICKERS, Holwell-street; KIRK, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; D. DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent-street; JOHN SHEPHERD, Newgate-street; HARRY MAY, 11, Holborn-bars. Agents for Scotland, PATERSON & SONS, Edinburgh and Glasgow; for Ireland, H. BUSSELL, Dublin; and all Music-sellers.
Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's-lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, December 18, 1858.